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TO
MR. ATTWOOD.

THE MANIFOLD BLESSINGS
OF
A LARGE LOAF.

Kensington, 1st May, 1821.

SIR,

This very day PEEL's BILL reaches its third stage, and we shall now see how it will go on to the end of its eventful journey. This day I have chosen for writing to you, on the subjects treated of in your speech, delivered in the House of Commons on the ninth of last month; and, before I conclude, I shall, I think, convince you, that there are manifold *Blessings belonging to a Large Loaf*, and that your opinions, as to this point, are erroneous. When I addressed my Letter to TIERNEY, I foresaw, that some scheme of *cash-payments* was on foot. I was anxious to anticipate the measure, and to put on record, *before hand*, my opinions as to the *consequences*. I put TIERNEY's name to the

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Letter, as I then said, that it might be distinguished from other essays on the same subject, and that it might be, as I knew it would, *referred to* when the predictions it contained should be fulfilled. I put *your* name to this letter, because you have taken an open and decided part in the great question now at issue; and, further, because I really have great respect for your knowledge and talents.

It has been my misfortune to be doomed to *chop blocks*; and having been warned by SWIFT (the first author, after Moses, I ever read) of the misery of "*chopping blocks with a razor*," I have generally employed a tool better suited to the skulls that I had to work upon. It shall be my endeavour, in the present case, to operate gently and smoothly; and, if you should find me, now-and-then, laying on more like a hewer than a shaver, I beg that you will be pleased to ascribe it, not to any rudeness of disposition, but merely to that hardness and heaviness of hand, which my long and laborious chopping of blocks has naturally produced.

Before I begin, let me congratulate the country upon hearing, at last, plain common sense distinctly articulated in the Honourable House, upon the subject of Paper-Money. How all the Barrings and Peels and Grenfells and Maberlies and Broughams and Tierneys and the disciples of St. Horner; how all the deep and dark gabblers about "*mint price*" and "*market price*," sink before you! And, as to the poor *Oracle* he really seems to have become the jest even of his former worshippers. But, Sir, take care! Remember what the wise man says of a fool's wrath; and remember also, that that wrath is never so heavy as when his folly is exposed! You think, perhaps, to make converts and to find co-operators. You will neither make the former nor find the latter. Your sound sense and clear reasoning are *upstarts* and *interlopers*, which, happen what will, must not be encouraged. I give you this warning, because I perceive you, in one place, go out of your way to express your "*respect*" for "*a noble Lord in another place*." Sir, I know the people of Whitehall better than you do, though I never was within its doors, while you frequently have been; and, I know

that, to manage them, you must work by the shoe; that is to say, you must either lick their shoe, or make them feel the point of yours. You may think to win them over to sense and sound measures by treating them with mannerly deference, by seeming not to perceive their native folly, while you are proving to them that they are acting the part of fools. They are much too cunning to be caught in this way. Their pride takes the alarm; and, they become obstinate as hogs. You must be their *slave* or their *master*: no middle course will ever succeed with them. *Lick, or kick* is the maxim; and, as you are *able* to kick, kick by all means.

Leaving you to follow your own taste as to this matter, only reserving to myself the right of laughing, if I should see you baffled in a temporising attempt, I now proceed to my remarks on your able and impressive speech, which, with your own notes subjoined, I have now before me in a pamphlet published by RIDGWAY, and which ought to be in the possession of, and to be attentively perused by, every gentleman in the kingdom.

The propositions, maintained in your speech, are these: 1. That the existing distresses have arisen

immediately and wholly from the measures adopted with a view of returning to cash-payments, and particularly from Peel's Bill. 2. That, of this distress the Labouring Class suffers in as great a proportion as any other class. 3. That an effectual and permanent remedy would be found in a repeal of Peel's Bill, and a new putting forth of Paper-Money so as to make the quantity in circulation equal to what it was in 1818. To the first of these propositions I say, *aye*: to the two last I say, *nay*.

The *third* I shall dismiss, at once, by referring you to my *first Letter to Lord Grey*, published in December last, in which I spoke pretty fully of the shame, the disgrace, the infamy, that must attend a repeal of Peel's Bill and a sending out of the paper again; and, in which I also spoke of that terrible convulsion, which such a measure *must* produce in the end. Your *first* proposition shall not detain us long; but your *second proposition*; namely; that the *fall in prices has injured the labouring classes*, demands, and shall receive, when I come to it, my best attention; it being a proposition, not only at war with truth, but aiming at a most mischievous and cruel end.

To the *first* I may, indeed, easily assent, seeing that it expresses, not only what I have laid down as to the actual effects of Peel's Bill, but also what I predicted with regard to the effects of any such measure. "My New Year's Gift to the Farmers," published in January, familiarly explains the whole progress of this set of measures, intended to bring about payments in cash. It clearly points out the cause of the distress, and as clearly shows that no new law about Corn can possibly afford any relief to the farmer. You have, therefore, done no more, as to this part of the subject than I had done before, and that I had done, too, in Long Island, whence I even sent a petition to the Honourable and most pure and enlightened body, of which you are now a member, which petition the member to whose charge it was committed, declined to present, because he thought, that that immaculate assembly would not have the patience to listen to a petition so *very long*! Bless their delicate organs of hearing! A pity indeed it were to subtract from those moments that they employ in lending, or, rather, *bending*, those organs to the dulcet and

wisdom-shedding voices of Castlereagh and Van, Grenfell and Ricardo!

I say this much in the way of *justice towards myself*; and, I must take care of that, or nobody will take care of it for me. I see enough public writers now to steal my opinions, who abused me for uttering those opinions. I see some, who are honest enough to *quote the words*; but still rogues enough to disguise the *source* whence they quote. I see even you quoting LOCKE, when you might have quoted PAINE or me, and especially PAINE, who had foretold, with the utmost precision the stopping of payment at the Bank, and who, while *he himself was an outlaw*, devoted the profits of that celebrated work *to the relief of the debtors in Newgate!* You might have quoted this true Englishman and true patriot and matchless writer, instead of the place-man LOCKE, who, compared with PAINE, was, as to subjects of this nature, a mere babbler. Here was a fair opportunity of showing that you held canting calumny at defiance; and, if you had availed yourself of it, you would have frightened Whitehall out of its wits

However, Sir, I by no means

confound you with the Barings, the Perries, and the Ellices, the latter of whom has even begun to prattle away about "the war between the Land and the Funds." I believe, that your own mind would have been sufficient to guide you in this case; and I have before done you the justice to observe, that you wrote to recommend the pushing out of the paper in 1817; and also, that you manfully opposed the passing of Peel's Bill, and even petitioned against it, making, at the same time, a speech relative to its consequences enough to convince any body but a born-ideot. I have never stolen the thoughts of others, were they alive or dead. I have never withheld due homage to talent or knowledge or merit of any kind when I have profited from them. In return for this fair and honourable dealing I have been incessantly plundered; but, the plunderers shall no longer proceed with impunity. *My way* is the only way in which a horrible convulsion can be avoided; and that convulsion will take place, or it shall be clear to all eyes *that it is I who have shown the way to prevent it.*

My petition of 1818 was too long for the Honourable House,

and CHARLES WYNNE, the brother of the *Saxony Ambassador*, has lately instanced the wearisome effects of another *long* petition of mine. But (and this I thank you for) you made them hear you; and though you were a *new man*, and were, with your good sense, a sort of *rebel*; a sort of *bolter*; a good slice of your speech got into the news-papers; and you, by repeating and filling out, have taken care to have your forewarnings upon record. This is highly commendable. Pursue this course, Sir, and faction will not be able to mullify your efforts.

How the Honourable and enlightened House stood your taunting I cannot imagine. To be told plump and point blank, that they *could not* carry their grand measure into effect; to tell them to their heads, that that measure could not be carried into effect and the *present debt and taxes exist*, and that "it was *folly and rapacity* alone that could think of attempting their union;" to look in their faces and tell them, that their grand measure, which had been so eulogized by the Speaker of the *Six-Acts* parliament, had "overwhelmed the people of this country with greater calamities, severer sufferings and

"more extensive ruin than had ever before been brought on any civilized people by any government;" to remind them of all solemnly sage sayings and anticipations as to the *happy efforts of this measure*; to call the acts of 1797 acts of "*fraud*," and that of 1819, "an act of *greater fraud*;" and to conclude, at last, by foretelling, to the very teeth of the Honourable House, that their measures would "terminate in a sudden and violent catastrophe, too sudden and too violent for resistance or remedy, which will prove destructive to the public credit, and dangerous to the safety of the state:" to tell them all this to their very heads, to sound it in their very ears, to poke it under their very noses, and that, too, at a time when they have passed laws to *banish* us, if we say any thing even *tending* to bring them into *contempt*! Oh! It was *so good*! By ———, if you were a lady I would kneel and kiss your hand!

Pray, Sir, agree to take the chair when we hold our *feast of the Gridiron*! Whole flocks of *geese* will be sent up for us by the big-farmers' wives, those amiable Abigails of England. Two or three hundred gridirons will be at work all at once. You shall have

one, as big as a harrow, suspended over your head as a canopy. We will have a tragic-politi-comi-farcical exhibition.—We will have all our actors dressed out in paper-doublets and fool's-caps and bells. Some shall dance about, crying “old rags for ever, “the solid system of finance.” Others shall step one foot forward, and with smiling air and soft accent, assure us that we are merely in a *transition* from a happy state to one more happy; and this buffoon shall add, that, in order to make the transit pleasant, we ought to amuse ourselves with *digging holes and filling them up again*. Then shall come a swagging, hectoring, brass-faced bully, bellowing out: “Poh! ‘tis all a lie! It is not night, “you grumbling villains. It is “only a rascally cloud that has “got before the sun. He shall “re-appear in a moment and put “your eyes out with light.” This actor shall be, as it were, an *upstart* upon the theatre. He shall bolt at once *out of the green-room*. Then shall come a Dutchman, who shall swear, as occasion demands, that black is white, and that white is black. He shall bring an *old rag* in his hand, and swear that it is as good as a *guinea*. Then the buffoons shall set

up a shout, “huzza for old rags! “huzza for Mynheer!” This idiot-like roar shall hardly have ceased, when Mynheer shall come forward again, and, flinging down the old rag and holding out a guinea, shall swear, in a voice of thunder, that the guinea is worth all the old rags in the world. Wereupon the buffoons shall set up a shout louder than the last: “down with old rags! huzza for “the guinea! huzza for Myn- “heer!” Amongst the rest we will have a parcel of Jews, the spokesman of whom shall step forward and comfort us with *fortune telling*. He shall say: “Neva mind, neva mind, ‘tish “*oney dree per centch; dat ish “all; ‘tish vera easy ting*.” Then all the whole band of buffoons shall dance and caper, and flock about Moses and cheer him and pat him on the back till he is black in the face, and till his big round eyes are ready to bolt out of his head. Then shall come a long, gaunt, greedy-looking hound of a fellow in top boots, and with a negro-driver's whip in his hand; and he, in most solemn accent, and laying his other hand to his breast, shall assure us, upon his honour, that pure *humanity* induces him to wish *that bread may be dear*. This actor shall have at

his elbow a theatrical *Satan* with an amazing tail and horns and with a prompter's book in his hands. When the humane advocate for *dear bread* has finished his speech, Old Nick shall set fire and brimstone to his paper doublet; to escape he shall run amongst the rest; and the whole botheration band shall go off burning and blazing like so many faggots at an *auto-da-fe*.

To return from this anticipated scene of fun, let me thank you for having well exposed the monstrous folly of measuring the effect of Peel's Bill by the standard of the price of gold. Nothing, surely, was ever equal to this in point of folly. I pointed it out in my second Letter to Mr. PEEL (page 455, Vol. 38. Feb. 17, 1821); but, contempt, joined, perhaps, to a little laziness, prevented me from going into the matter in the elaborate manner that you have. Whether Mr. PERRY will still continue to exult in the circumstance, that the Spanish *Legislator*, may now, without any fear of the Inquisition, take down from his shelf "*a Blackstone or a Ricardo*," is more than I can say; but, if the Spanish Legislator *do* take down the latter from his shelf for any purpose but that of lighting his

fire or his pipe, I have no hesitation in saying, that there ought to be an Inquisition, or something else, to deprive such an *ignoramus* of the power of laws.

Before I come to your *second* proposition, let me observe, that you are likely never to receive *any answer* to your *first*. You received none in the House, except we look for it in that foolish remark of VAN, in which he referred to the distresses of other countries, and asked, particularly as to America, whether *Peel's Bill* produced the *fall of prices there*. If you had been informed of the facts, and could have spoken a second time in the debate, how completely you might have closed up his mouth! You had completely proved what I had years before asserted, that our distress was not produced *by a transition from war to peace*; because, as you showed, the "*prosperity*," as it is called, came and visited this country a second time in part of 1817 and 1818; and that was three years after the peace took place. And you showed, by the amount of bank-notes out during this period of *second "prosperity"*, compared with the amount out *before* it, and *after* it, that the prosperity kept pace with the

bank notes. But, had you known the history of the *American* distresses, what an answer you would have had for VAN, who really seems to understand nothing at all about the affairs of the country over the finances of which he has been chosen to preside.

Now, Sir, the fact is, that all was *high-flying prosperity* in America, notwithstanding *war and invasion* until the peace, the news of which reached that country in *February* 1815. I beg you to mark the *epochs*. Flour was, in some cases, so high as 12 dollars a barrel. The *peace*, the “*sudden transition*,” brought down flour to about 6 dollars a barrel. But, was it the peace? No, it was certain acts of the Congress *for collecting the duties in specie*. This made the banks *draw in their paper*; and the merchants, and even farmers, tumbled about like rotten sheep! Mr. MATHEW CAREY, of Philadelphia, published a little work on the subject, a copy of which he sent me to England. It was lost, or sold, at Botley after my departure in 1817; and, I am sorry I have it not; for the picture he drew of the distress was so precisely suited to our present state, that it would be valuable at this time. He

wrote his book *about May* 1816. The Congress, however, *in that year*, established by law (a fatal law) an infernal *National Bank*. Out of this sprang other Banks, State Banks, private Banks, and banks of all sorts, to such an extent, that, in Kentucky, the Legislature passed no less than *forty* Bank Charter Bills in *one week* in the year 1817! Need I say, that “*prosperity*” came back again? That it *revisited* the American States as it did England, at that time? All was *flourishing*; but, how long did the flourish last? Curious coincidence! Until *the winter of* 1819! Then money became a little less plenty; and it kept on getting more and more scarce ‘till I left the country, in *November*, 1819, hastening home to participate in the blessings of Peel’s Bill, which was passed by the *Six Acts* parliament in the preceding month of July; and, I find, that the “*distress*,” as it has been called *there* too, has been increasing ever since. And what was the cause of this *second* distress? Precisely the same as that of the former distress, a large contraction of the paper-money. Two hundred banks, or thereabouts, broke between October 1818 and October 1819. The general government received its

custom duties in specie, or in bills of its own bank ; and the circulation became contracted. This was the *cause*, and the cause still remains at work, and will, I hope, remain, until the American people rid themselves of that degrading curse, a *public debt*.

So that VANNY might have been met and put down upon his own ground. The good of it is, too, that the *price of gold and silver remained the same during the whole of these several periods* ; and there was no *law* to authorize a refusal to pay in specie. Any man might, at any time, *during the whole of these years*, refuse to take payment in notes of any sort. What, then, becomes of Mr. Ricardo's doctrine ? VAN appears to have put on a *smile*, when he said, " can the distress in America have been occasioned by " an *English act of parliament* ." Yes, VAN, notwithstanding that sweet *self-complacent* smile of yours. Yes, VAN ; and, be it known to the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, that, as the currency in London cannot be contracted without producing a proportionate contraction at Liverpool, the currency of this kingdom cannot be contracted without producing a contraction of the currency in America, propor-

tioned to the extent of the commercial transactions carried on between the two countries ; and, I believe, that it is very well known, that of the commercial transactions of America *nearly two-thirds of the whole are with England !* There VAN ; pretty smiling VAN ; you see there is something in the world that requires knowledge besides those Scotch herrings of which you were once a Commissioner !

Yes, VAN, and in both these cases of " American distress " a part, at least, of the cause was, " *English acts of parliament* ." It ought to be known to a Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, that much of the means of giving credit and of putting forth bank notes in America is derived from credit obtained there *from merchants here*. Now, can the merchant, who has a capital of 100,000 pounds, and who is in the habit of having 30,000 of it in America, let that 30,000 remain there, if, by an English act of parliament, his capital be reduced to 50,000 ? Oh, no, VAN : a merchant cannot work by hocus-pocus, nor can you, if you really give us payments in gold. There was a merchant at New York who had two banks, one in town and one in the country. His means

consisted of his credit in London. That was curtailed in the spring of 1819; and, in the August after, his notes were at a *discount of 50 per cent!*

Thus it is, Sir, to have to do with *self-complacent ignorance!* One must, in a dispute with it, lose one's temper or give up one's good manners. It is impossible, without self-abasement, to treat it with respect; and yet it is beneath one to be seriously angry with it. Talk of *banishment* as long as they please, there is no punishment equal to that of being compelled to *chop such blocks with a razor!* And yet, "God forbid" (to use the words of Judge Best) that the affair should (*as yet*) be taken out of the hands of VAN!

You are a staunch "*ministerial* man," as people call it. You hate *us reformers*. You wish for *the thing* to exist. You will, I dare say, support even VAN against the *reformers*. But, the *true* men will never forgive you for this act of *rebellion*. They will look upon you as a *self-hunting* dog; and they will never suffer you to feed with the pack. But, how are they to forgive your taunts! Your reminding them of their ignorant sayings; their wild, their mad calcu-

lations! How are they to forgive you for repeating to their faces, to their very blocks, the substance of my Registers, on this subject, for three years past! However, we are in a state of things, which makes a man like you an object of fear to ignorance in power. The great *blazer*, PITT, had the first skimming of the nation's resources. Addington and Perceval skimmed the pan pretty clean. The present gentry are got to skim-milk. It is nearly *sky-blue*. And, therefore, they will be more tame, and are more tame, than any of their predecessors, with regard to those who have the courage to contradict them. The whole nation is beginning to recognize the truth of *my doctrines*; and those doctrines, as far as they relate to the effects of cash-payments, I have, at last, in your excellent speech, heard openly and ably maintained in the Honourable House itself.

Thus, and *no farther*, however, do I agree with you. Your two last propositions I dissent from. The *third* I have already dismissed, and, with regard to the *second*, I am now going to endeavour to convince you of your error.

Your *second* proposition is, "that the *Labouring Class* suffers

"from the *distress of low prices*
"as much as any other class."

This I deny; and I think I am able clearly to maintain my denial.

I know, that, upon a subject like this, *facts* must be very good indeed, very complete, to be worth any thing at all; because they are so difficult to come at with accuracy; and, because, if capable of being *bent*, bent they will be, to assist the man who has an argument to support.

Your argument, that the labourer *is not to be benefitted by the diminution of the demand for labour* is, generally, and supposing a not unnatural state of things, true. With this qualification it is also true, that the labourer *cannot be benefitted by the ruin of his employer*. But, a *forced, an unnatural, a violent process*, may be adopted, which shall *increase the demand for labour*, shall *increase the quantity of labour*: and yet, that shall make the labour *lower-priced*, and the *condition of the labourer worse*. For, it is not to be denied, that a Virginia or Jamaica Negro-Driver, if he ply the lash with additional activity, will *increase the quantity of labour*, though he give his Negroes *no more food than he did before*. And, it will hardly be pretended, that this his *increased demand for*

labour is beneficial to the unhappy drove.

Now, if something very much resembling this has taken place with regard to the labourers in husbandry in England, Mr. HUSKISSON, whom you treat rather sarcastically, may be right, after all. Indeed, I am convinced that he is right: and that unquestionable facts, as well as the reason of the case, are on his side and against you.

You, Sir, are a banker, and, without imputing to you any motive particularly selfish, I may fairly suppose, that you view with favourable eyes the effects of bank-paper. You uniformly *take it for granted*, that the *showy* effects of rags turned into money, is "*prosperity*." This is full as great an error as the measuring of the effects of Peel's Bill by the variation in the price of gold. You say, that, at this moment, the *nation* is in the deepest *distress*; that the *concerns of agriculture, manufactures, commerce*, all are involved in the *deepest distress*. And what you say is true! Will you tell me, then, how it happens, that about *ten thousand new houses* are building *at this moment* for the reception of rich men and their *suites* in the villages round this monstrous

place? Are these new-comers arrived from the clouds, or from Eldorado? The *fact* you may ascertain by getting upon a horse and opening your eyes. Is it *commerce* that brings these gentry here? Oh, no! for the wharfs are deserted, and the ships breaking up to be turned into paddock-fences and coach-houses for these odd sort of gentry. Now, Sir, answer me, I pray: is it "*prosperity*" that brings these gentry forth? Yes, assuredly, it is "*prosperity*" with *them*. They come into these new and fine houses to enjoy that good fortune, which *the rise in the value of their funded annuities and fixed salaries has given them!* This, to them, then, is *prosperity*; and, you acknowledge that, at this very time, the concerns of land, manufactures and commerce are in a state of ruin!

Well, then, there may exist *prosperity*, in one class and misery in *another*, at one and the same time. These annuitants and salary-people profit by the fall of those who profited before. These houses, this unnatural prosperity, this fungus, comes out of the pockets of the Big-farmers, the Landlords, the Lords of the Loom, and the Lords of the Anvil, many of whom you know

to be now under a *sweating process and Birmingham and Coventry*. These gentry do not call our ten thousand new houses a sign of "*prosperity*." No, say they, it is *robbery* of us. *We suffer* for your fine new houses and all your pretty gardens and paddocks. *We suffer* for your Regent-Street and Regent-Park and your Circusses and Squares and Bridges. They say very truly.

Now, Sir, just as the Big-farmer, the Bull-frog-farmer, is suffering under this *prosperity* of the Annuitant and Salary-man, so the labourer suffered from the *prosperity* of the Bull-frog. The Bull-frog's house changed its form. His garden became a paradise. He had white paling and paddocks. Out he drove his carters and threshers, whom he began to call "*the peasantry*;" and that empty impudent fellow, the younger ELLMAN, actually calls them so *now*, in a Letter to Lord Liverpool. He could no longer, polished Gentleman, sit at table with such "*lower orders*." But, he took good care, that they should not *overfeed elsewhere*. He took good care, that they should not *participate* in his "*prosperity*." He, by means that the greediness and injustice

and cruelty of an insolent upstart at once suggested, took care, that, while his prices rose, the price of labour should be kept down to the lowest possible standard. He violated all the principles of *free trade*, by *fixing the amount of wages*, and by bringing to the *poor-book*, all those who could not exist upon that amount! And, if the miserable wretches mutinied, he had his horse, his carabine, and his sword!

You talk of labour being carried to *market*! What *market* had the labourer to go, when, in fact, there was a book kept in every parish to *fix the price* of his wages? He was to have just as much as would *sustain life in a single man* and no more. To prevent *actual starvation*, the married man was to have more in *proportion to the number of mouths*. Do you call this carrying labour to *market*? Was there any more *freedom* here, than the Virginia or Jamaica slave enjoys? Was the *increased demand for labour*, under such circumstances, a *benefit* to the labourer?

Your comments on Dr. Coplestone's *facts* are, perhaps, no more than just. You should, however, bear in mind the *calling* of the Doctor, which necessa-

rily implies an unreservedness of *faith*, which he may be excused for carrying into profane disquisitions, and which, if it do not absolutely justify his believing that a woman labourer used to earn what would now be equivalent to *forty shillings a week*, forms, at least, an apology for the Divine Doctor. However, the thing is by no means so *wholly incredible* as you would have us believe; for, the women labourers or *helps*, as they call them, in America, do not receive much less; and that, too, when wheat is at a price much lower than our *present price*. A man labourer has there *five shillings*, at least, of our money, a day, in harvest time, and *sits at table with his employer*! And that, too, when wheat is not above *five English shillings a bushel*. So that, though the Doctor's authorities to prove that our labourers have *suffered by high prices*, be not quite unexceptionable, the facts drawn from them are by no means so incredible as you would represent them. The state of England at the times to which the Doctor refers was, in all probability, as to agricultural matters, somewhat like that of America now: the *farmers very numerous*, and the labourers comparatively *few in number*. The

funding system, by drawing money into large parcels, necessarily reduced the number of the farmers; and Pitt's infernal system of *paper-money*, by enabling a banker, an attorney, or some one who would dash into the discounting line, to take farms over the heads of small farmers, swept away that race of men, brought them down to be mere labourers, put them upon the parish-book kept for the *fixing of wages*, and made them very nearly, excepting colour of skin, resemble the labourers of Virginia and Jamaica.

It is not high price *simply* that hurts the labourer; for, if he have *six* shillings a week when wheat is *three* shillings a bushel, and *twenty* when wheat is *ten* shillings a bushel, and if the rise in wages keep pace *weekly* with the rise in the price of wheat, he is as well off in the latter case as in the former, if there be no other circumstance attending the rise in prices. It is not, therefore, simply the high price that hurts him, if prices of wages and of wheat keep on the level. But, in the first place, they *do not keep on the level*. The wages *do not rise with the wheat*. A long time takes place, even in a natural and *unforced* state of things, before the labourer can get even a small

augmentation of wages. Every rise in price, therefore, gives the employer *an advantage* over him; for, observe, labourers in husbandry are more restricted in their choice of employers, than labourers in manufacture and crafts are. They cannot go to *next shop*. They are under engagements as yearly, or monthly, servants, and are bound by very strict laws. The married ones generally inhabit the houses of their employers, and even the single ones *out of house*, must remove to some considerable distance, perhaps, in order to get employment. They must go from *home*; and there is "*mother*" to be left! There are *mother's* remonstrances to hear; and, it would require another thirty years' progress of the hellish Pitt-System, to eradicate the power of these from the breasts of home-loving English sons. But, there is one plain case, that settles the point, and that requires no knowledge of country-affairs to make it clear to every man: and that is this: it is a notorious fact, that nine tenths of the labourers are either *in house as yearly servants*, or engaged *for the year at so much a week* for all the weeks except the harvest month, and *so much for that month*. Now, let us take

the case of the *carter in house*. At Michaelmas he hires for *seven pounds for the year*, and wheat is *seven shillings a bushel*. Out comes the atrocious, the hellish paper-money; wheat rises to 14 shillings a bushel before his year expires and he receives *ten* bushels of wheat, instead of the *twenty* that he contracted for! Is he not, then, a *loser* by the *rise in prices*? Can any man living deny this? It is the same, in a different degree, with the men *out of house*. They suffer still more severely; for they have to *purchase* their food, which the man in house has not. You will observe, that *the law* gives them the choice of sticking to the letter of their engagements, or *going to jail*!

Well, but the *year ends* at last. They *live* it out; and then they have new bargains to make. Now do you think, that they will get their wages *doubled*? Do you think that a year of oppression will have made them *bold*? Do you think that being pennyless and shirtless will make them stout in standing out for a rise of wages? If you do, pray do not affect to laugh at DR. COPPLESTONE any longer; for your *faith* in wonders is much larger than his.

Thus, then, clear as is that accursed thing, which is, you know, "*as notorious as the sun at noon-day*," is the conclusion, that the labourer in husbandry suffers and the employer profits by a rise in the prices of produce of the labour, in spite of any augmentation that may take place in the quantity of labour in demand.

We have yet, however, but an imperfect view of the effects of a rise of prices. The Landlord raises his rent. The taxes rise in nominal amount. But the consumer pays these back to the farmer. He neither gains nor loses by high prices as far as rent and taxes are concerned. His gain comes *solely* out of the blood and flesh and bones of the labourer. The labour upon a farm makes *more than the half of its outgoings*; judge, then, how the farmer must *gain* by the same process that *depresses* the labourer! Will you say, that what the farmer does not pay in wages he must *pay in poor-rates*? Oh, no! for, when the man comes to *that book*, that record of degradation, he is a *slave*. He then must take what is *given* him. What he receives, he receives as an *alms*; and the sum total of the rules of that book is, to allow as much as will *sustain life*, and *no more*!

At every stage of a rise of prices of food, the employer *gains upon the labourer*, till, at last, the former becomes a fox hunter and yeomanry cavalry man, and the latter a rack of skin and bones. Pride seizes hold of the upstart, and insolence intolerable. He soon finds, that it is *inconvenient*, in fact not attended with so *much gain*, to have men and boys and maids *in his house*; for *there* he cannot *starve* them. He, therefore, banishes them from beneath his roof, and brings them to a *regimen of the parish book*. Thus while *he prospers*, the labourer is *ruined*; while he rises the labourer sinks, and exactly in the same proportion. All, in the eyes of such men as you, Sir, appears to be "*prosperity*." All is *flourishing* and *shining*. The Big farmer is decked out in gay attire, horses, carriages, footmen come where they never were before. The farm houses resound with the notes of the piano, and the decanter and glasses sparkle upon the table. But, in the midst of all this, and of all the "*improvements in husbandry*," the labourer, the real husbandman, is pining and starving:

"And, while he sinks, without one arm to save,

"The country blooms: a garden and a grave."

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey

"The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay;

"Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand

"Between a *splendid* and a *happy* land."

If our state be not here truly described, never was description true. Dr. GOLDSMITH, if he used a little of poetical licence, only *anticipated* the literal and melancholy truth; except that we should in vain look for "statesmen," to whom to address with propriety these beautiful lines.

Now, Sir, I think I have shown, that the labourer in husbandry; and it will hold good with respect to Smiths, Wheelwrights, Collarmakers, and Country-Shoemakers, Taylors, and almost every other kind of handicraft-men, who are, in *effect*, labourers in husbandry; I think I have proved that they were injured, that they were oppressed; because I have shown, that they *must* have been injured and oppressed; and that, too, while their employers were *benefitted* from the very same cause; an unnatural, a forced, *rise of prices*. I might, therefore, without more ado, go to the other side, and show how the labourer must be *benefitted by the fall of prices*. But, you have been

pleased to say, that this is an "important question;" that it is of the greatest moment to ascertain, whether it can be true, that "the depreciation of money and the consequent rise of prices are injurious to the labourer." I will, therefore, though I have, I think, proved the affirmative of the proposition, add some facts, which, of themselves, without any reasoning at all, would have answered the purpose.

You have said, and you wish to have it *taken for granted* (but, mind, without any proof), that the labourer prospered during high prices. How, then, did it happen, that, during the rise of prices, the poor-rates rose in amount from *two millions and a quarter to eight millions*? This is not drawn from one of Dr. Copplestone's authorities, though the Doctor's may be good too, for any thing that you have proved to the contrary. This fact is drawn from the archives of that renowned assembly, to which you now belong. In short, the fact is *certain*; and will you tell me, that it is *possible* that the labourer could be in a *prosperous state*, during the time, that this augmentation of poor-rates was taking place? "The country was prosperous; all the great

interests flourished." Aye, aye! That is another man's matter! What you may think "*great interests*," I may think *great curses*. You may call banking and loan-jobbing and cotton and anvil aristocracy and yeomanry cavalry "*great interests*;" and *they* certainly were *prosperous*; but, the increase of the poor-rates from 2½ to 8 millions, during the rise of prices is what you can never get over. It is complete and conclusive as to the point, that a depreciation of money and high prices, while they *benefit the higher classes* *destroy the labourer*, by enabling them to throw all the public burdens upon his back.

Dr. Copplestone has, you state, referred to *ancient authorities*, and such as are suspicious from their origin having been a *desire to establish an argument*. Now, I will appeal to one clear of all suspicion of every kind; and one that is conclusive and complete in all its parts. TULL, in his "*horse-hoing husbandry*," Chapter xix. pages 122 and 123 of the folio edition, states the price of seed-wheat at *three shillings* a bushel; wages of the plowman at *one shilling* a day, and of the plowboy at *sixpence*. This was in the year 1743, mind. And

TULL was, when he wrote his book and was practising his drill-husbandry, living at *Shalborne*, in Berkshire, which is just close upon the borders of Wiltshire.

This authority is unquestionable. TULL's husbandry was making a great noise at the time. Some accounts of his practice, which he had published before he published his book, had been roughly handled by the critics of the day. He was a lawyer by profession. A person likely to be very accurate in his statements. And, besides, he had *no end* to answer by mistatement as to *prices*. He was not writing about *prices*, but about the mode of *tilling land*; and the statement of prices comes out *incidentally*. It is that sort of *circumstantial evidence*, which is always, and always must be, regarded as better than positive records and oaths.

What have we here, then?—Why the fact, that the English labourer in husbandry was, in the time of this fine writer and great enlarger of science, living a happy life, having an abundance to eat, let his family be as large as it might. You will observe, that Tull speaks of *seed-wheat*, which is always about a tenth in price above the average of wheat for grinding. Observe also, that,

a the time when TULL wrote, *nine gallons* to the bushel was the only measure in use all through Surrey, Berks, Hants, and all the counties to the West. However, to take the thing with the least possible advantage to me, here is the *common plowman* receiving *two bushels of wheat a week*, and the *common plowboy* *one bushel a week*.

Here, taking the bushel at eight gallons, and not at nine as I fairly might, the man had (the offal paying for grinding) ninety pounds of flour a week; that is, a quantity of flour sufficient to make *twenty-six quartern loaves*! I say, *twenty-six* quartern, or half-gallon loaves; and the boy enough to make *thirteen half-gallon loaves*. Now, Sir, compare this with what they received in the times of your "*prosperity*." In your *flourishing* times. In your times when "all the *great* "*interests*" were in a state of "*prosperity*." What did the plowman get then? Did he get *one bushel of wheat*? And did the boy get *two gallons*? Is it not notorious, that they did not? "No," say you, "it is not notorious." Well, then, I will give you an authority, that you will not venture to call in question. In 1814, Mr. BENNETT

of Wiltshire, and now a member of your famously Honourable House, came as a witness before a Committee of that most renowned Corps, and, to that Committee, he gave the following evidence.

"We (the *magistrates*) calculate, that every person, in a labourer's family, should have *per week*, the price of a *gallon loaf*, and *three-pence* over, for *feeding* and *clothing*, exclusive of house-rent, sickness, and casual expenses." This Report was ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, on the 26th of July, 1814.

Here we have it! Here is the result of the progress *from low prices to high!* Here we have, at last, the lowest figure on the scale of human misery and degradation. Here are the effects of the Pitt "prosperity." Here lie the wretched crowds, prostrated by the hellish system of banking, funding and paper-money! And yet, Sir, now that you see a glimpse of hope for the labourer, you would pass on him the sentence of despair!

But, we have not all the parts of the contrast here. In TULL's time, and long and long after, it was the custom, the universal custom, to give all labourers in hus-

bandry, out of the house, as well as in, *beer* as regularly as the day came. It made, within even my memory, a part of their daily wages; and that has now been *wholly discontinued*. Besides, though I have stated the wages in *bread*, English labourers, in former times (before these times of "*blasphemy*" came on) believed, that man was not to live *on bread alone*; but, on every good thing that the earth produced;" and that it was the Devil only that wished to condemn man to dry bread. They thought it, too, no sin to use *untaxed salt, soap, candles and shoes*. The tax, then, on the *malt and beer* was a mere trifle. And, if you deduct for what the labourer now pays out of his week's wages in *taxes upon these things*, more than he paid then, you will find, that he does not actually receive (or did not till prices came down) more than *one third* of what he received in the time of TULL! And yet, you call this "*prosperity!*" And yet, you would "*save the nation*" by making it impossible for the most numerous class ever to taste of happiness again! I thank God, Sir, that you and all the bankers in the world put together have not the power, even if you had the go-

vernment and the yeomanry cavalry at your back, to accomplish so cruel and so nefarious a purpose!

I leave out much. I might mention numerous other things which demonstrate what the labourer has *lost* by *high prices*. However, I have said and brought forward more than enough to establish the point. And, Sir, surely (especially after my two letters to GAFFER(GOOCH)) I need not say much to prove, that they have *gained*, do *gain*, and must continue to *gain*, by a *fall of prices*?

Their engagements, as I observed before, are for the whole year *so much*; or *so much* a week for the year through, except the harvest month, and *so much* for that month. Now, need I say, that they *must* gain by any fall of prices that shall take place during the year? Especially after I have shown how they *must* lose by a *rise* of prices during a similar period? Then, you will say, "but this can be *only for one year*." I beg your pardon: it must go on *year after year*, at any rate, as long as the *falling keeps on*. But, you will say, that this must come to an *end*, and that the employer will bring them finally down to the

standard of wheat; yes, but no in the *proportion of the fall*. For, now the plowman is *upon the gain*, he gets a little *bolder*; mind that; and the employer gets, by degrees, to cast off his insolence. It is as difficult to bring down the price of labour by *direct* means as it is easy to do it by *indirect* means. It is, indeed, done by indirect means without the labourer *perceiving it*. He is cheated by the *name* of the sum being the same after the sum is, in reality, altered. But, talk to him about taking *so much less*, and you may as well talk to a post. As to *turning them off*, it is *nonsense*. You will find them, as the employers were before, all of a mind. And, in the end, you must let them by degrees, gain that, which by degrees, they have lost.

You talk, Sir, of the "lands *thrown out of cultivation*." You say, you hear of this in *all directions*. This is an *assertion*, and nothing more; and it is one that I *do not believe*. Have the witnesses before the Committee *said this*? Come, come, Sir, I know that they have said the *contrary*! Gaffer Gooch's Committee have indeed kept their proceedings from the *public eye*; but a *little bird* has whistled in my ear,

that the very first witness expressed his alarm that *future* scarcity might arise from the "*over-cropping* that is now taking place!" Is this the "throwing of land out of cultivation" that *you hear of* "in *all* directions?" Never mind the *future*, I should say to such a Bull-frog: it is time, as the Yankees say, to jump over the ditch when we come to it. Let us live well now, and we shall be the better able to stand a little fasting, if the sun should happen not to shine another year.

You, indeed, hear of *no more new enclosures*, and, I hope, most anxiously, that we shall hear of many of the late new enclosures being thrown again to common. They were, for the most part, useless in point of quantity of *production*; and, to the labourers, they were malignantly mischievous. They drove them from the skirts of commons, downs and forests. They took away their cows, pigs, geese, fowls, bees, and gardens. They crowded them into miserable outskirts of towns and villages, for their children to become ricketty and diseased, confined amongst filth and vermin. They took from them their best inheritance: sweet air, health, and the little

liberty they had left. Downs, most beautiful and valuable too, have been broken up by the paper-system; and, after three or four crops to beggar them, have been left to be planted with *docks* and *thistles*, and never again to present that perpetual verdure, which formerly covered their surface, and which, while it fed innumerable flocks, enriched the neighbouring fields. LORD LIVERPOOL, in a speech made last spring, observed, that some *persons* thought, that the enclosure-system had been *carried too far*. Who were they, my Lord? I never heard of any body but myself who, in a *public manner*, expressed any such opinion. I, indeed, when Old Rose used to be boasting of the number of enclosure Bills, as a proof of "*prosperity*," used, now-and-then, to show how beastly the idea was; and I proved, over and over again, that (taking in a space of eight or ten years) it was *impossible* to augment the *quantity of produce* by new enclosures; to say nothing about the mischievous effects as to the labourers.

However, the breaking up of the Commons and Downs was a natural effect of the forced increase of money; and, in this way, amongst the rest, that in-

crease, worked detriment to the labourer. It was out of his bones that the means came. It was the deduction made from him by the rise of prices and by the not-rise of his wages: it was the means thus raised that enclosed the Commons and Downs; and that put pianos into the farm-houses, and set the farmer up upon a cavalry horse. And these, and such as these, have been the effects of that accursed paper-money, that seven vials of wrath, which you wish to be poured out upon us again!

You ask Mr. HUSKISSON, and with an apparent air of triumph, *how we are to expect* the condition of the labourer to be improved. He will tell you, one of these days, for he has brains in skull: he is not a block; and, that you may be somewhat the better prepared for the combat, I will give you a little foretaste of that which is to come. But, as this is, apparently, the part of your argument on which you chiefly rely, let me do you the justice to quote your own words fully. "How, then, Sir, in the midst of this diminution in the demand for labour, of this frightful destruction of the funds by which labour is supported, are we to expect to

find the condition of the labourer improved? It is contrary to every principle of political economy that has ever been received, to all reason, and to all experience. It has never happened at any time, nor in any country, that the condition of the labourer has improved, except by an increased demand for labour, and an increase of the funds by which labour is supported—the productive capital of a country. It has never happened in any country,—nor it never will in this,—that a permanent reduction in the demand for labour can take place, without this further consequence following—that the supply of labour must be come proportioned to the contracted demand."

There is a good deal of the dark and deep here: a good deal of the *Audem Smeth*, who, if PAINE had been a canter and a crawler instead of a man of sincerity and spirit, would have been laughed off the stage years ago. I do not clearly comprehend what you mean by "*productive capital of a country*," and by "*the supply of labour*." And, Sir, though it is possible that my not comprehending may be owing to my

want of sufficient powers of penetration, still my not comprehending is a proof that this is a badly written passage; because writing is good for little if not to be clearly understood by persons of common capacity. In *all cases clearness* is the first quality in writings and in speeches. It is useless to have good matter, if people do not see it; and how are they to see it, unless you put it in the light?

However, let me try. You mention "*funds*" twice in this passage. The "*funds*," you say, "by which labour is *supported*." You talk about a "*frightful destruction*" of those funds. Now, what do you mean by *funds* here? Do you mean paper-money? Do you mean, that the *funds* are *less abundant*, because *prices are low*? Upon the supposition that wages come down with wheat, are not the *funds the same* as to their power of paying the man that tills the field in which the wheat is grown? You have so long had your eyes bent on, and your mind wrapped up in, paper-money, that, at last, I verily believe you look upon it as being not less necessary to man's existence than air is. Look at the bushel of wheat, Sir. Leave the banking-house for a minute,

come with me to the barn, and hear what the thresher will say about the "*destruction of funds*." He will tell you, that the funds consist of the produce of the farms, and that, paper-money or no paper-money, there will be no want of funds, till there be a want of sun and rain. Suppose there were not only no paper-money, but *no money at all*. Would the people *starve*, think you? No; and, as to the labourer in husbandry, he would experience but little inconvenience. To talk, therefore, of "*the destruction of funds*," is, in such a case, very little better than the prattle of VAN or of the ORACLE.

But, to come as near as I can to your meaning, the *funds*, that is to say, the *money*, that is to say the *share of food*, due to the labourer, he has, for years, been receiving *only in part*. The funds which *ought* to have "*supported*" labour have been purloined from it silently and clandestinely by those *high-prices*, which a forced increase of money produced; and this I have, some pages back, proved as clear as day-light. What! will the *demand* for produce fall off, think you, because the most numerous class get a belly full of bread and meat, one half of which they

have not had for years? And, will the *demand for labour* fall off, because the most numerous class demand and get this additional share of the fruit of labour? In all probability neither more nor less produce will be raised; but its *distribution* will be different: more will go into the mouth of the labourer, and less into the mouth of him who has so long gauged the poor creature's bowels by the rule of the parish-book. Comfort yourself, therefore, my good Sir; for there will, in low prices, be no "*destruction of the funds that support labour*;" though there has been, and will be, I hope, a great, and, to some persons, "*frightful destruction of the funds*," by which labour has been robbed, degraded and insulted.

To pretend to say precisely how the thing will work, to pretend to delineate with precision the path and all the various windings and twistings of a great and all-affecting cause like that which is now operating upon the concerns of a people like this, would be the height of presumption in me or in any man; but, we may easily, I think, foresee some of the effects that will be produced by a resolute adherence to the plan of returning to cash-pay-

ments. The first visible effect will be, and now is, the pulling down of the country bankers and discounting farmers. The agricultural societies, those nests of conspirators against the labourer will all be dissolved, as, I see, that of *Cambridgeshire* has been, from a want of "*funds*" to pay their premiums, one of which (the *gold cup*) was for "him, who shall, "with the *fewest hands*, cultivate "the *largest quantity of land*;" to which ought to have been subjoined a general and pressing invitation to the Negro-drivers of Virginia and Jamaica. These "*funds*" will now go to the labourers, who, as I have shown, will be constantly gaining by the low-prices.

The tax-collectors near Lewes, in Sussex have sent a memorial to the Treasury, representing the impossibility of collecting the assessed taxes, unless *time be given*; and, in the same news-paper that tells me this, I see that the *Farmer's Subscription Pack of hounds*, at Beddingham, are *advertized for sale*! More "*funds*" for the labourer! Come, Sir, do not despond! We shall find no "*destruction of funds*." The same news-paper refers, in a paragraph, to this advertisement as a proof of the "*distress of Agricul-*

"*ture*;" a prettier illustration of the true import of which phrase need not be wished for! Is it not clear as day-light, that the labourer will now have to eat that which was eaten by "the Bed-dingham Hounds?" And is it not better that he should have it than that it should go down the throats of that "well-scented pack?" And will it not be better for the "gentlemen" of the hunt to keep off the gout by kicking the clods about at plough than by galloping over fields, hedges and ditches?

This is the way the thing will work all over the kingdom. Food having become lower in price; fetching little comparatively at market; and money having become a precious commodity, the farmer will, as far as possible, make his payments in kind; this is invariably the effect of a lessening of the quantity of money in circulation. Where there is no money all is carried on by barter; and when there is little compared with the number and magnitude of the transactions, barter is the mode of dealing to a certain extent. Labour, as I said before, makes, even with all our taxes, *more than half the out-goings of a farm*. That, therefore, will be met, as far as possible, by

payments in kind; and, as the natural and easy mode of paying in kind, is, to *board and lodge* the person to be paid, the labourers *will come back again into the farm-house*, and sit down at the same table with the master and the dame, the good effects of which I have pretty fully detailed in my letter to GAFFER GOOCH, only a few numbers back; and, if you can have read that letter without wishing for such a change, your heart must be harder than a stone, and your morality must be the most scandalous hypocrisy. I said, in that same letter, that it was the *high-prices* which *drove the men and boys and maids from the farm-house*. And, it is curious enough, that, since that, a little bird has whistled in my ear, that one of the *witnesses*, who has been examined by the Grand Committee of GAFFER GOOCH, has confessed, that they *were* put out of the farm-house *when the high pices came and not before!* And, with evidence like *this* before them, will that Committee report in favour of any measure tending to re-produce *high-prices!* If they were to do this, and if such a report were to be *acted upon*, what should we then say of the Honourable House? Where would it *then* look for a defender?

But, be you assured, that *this* will not be done.

From the same cause will return the custom of furnishing *beer* to the out-of-house labourers. The farmer can brew cheaper (besides the saving in tax) than the alehouse keeper can sell. The farmer has, in many parts, wood that costs little. It is a part of his produce; and the brewing is done by his maids, under the direction of his wife. And he will, in this way, pay in kind as far as he can. The married labourers will *brew at home* also for their wives and children; and some ale for their "*grounings*" and *christenings*, as they *used to do* universally. The spiritless enfeebling *slop*, the materials for which are flogged out of negro slaves, or screwed out of the miserable wretches of Asia, and which are almost wholly tax, will give way by degrees to the invigorating produce of our own soil. And, what should you think, now, if the Committee of GAFFER GOOCH have *evidence to this point* too! My little bird has whistled in my ear, that they have it in *evidence*, and, what is monstrously good, from the mouth of the *Elder Ellman!* who has told them, that, forty years ago, when *he became a farmer*, every mar-

ried labourer in his parish *brewed his own beer*; and, that, *now*, not a man did it, except he himself, in charity, *gave* the poor fellow the malt! And, will the House, upon evidence like *this*, pass a law to reproduce and perpetuate high-prices? *Will the House do this thing!*

From the same cause many *farming bankers* (for really they are not *husbandmen*) will be totally ruined, and their big-farms will become untenanted. Others will be afraid to embark in *so large a way*. Farming will not be (as it ought not to be) a *fortune making* affair. Rich men will not want to be farmers. The speculating, discounting farming will wholly cease. Few men will be found (as it ought to be) to take to farms of *large extent*. Hence these enormous farms will be *divided*; or, rather, they will be what they were before the infernal Pitt-system began: there will be upon an average, in a very few years, about four farmers where there is now one. The little industrious, decent, rural hives will come back to be again the basis of that *English community*, which, only forty years ago, was really "the envy of surrounding nations" and justly the admiration of the "world." In many cases, *tenants* will not, at first, be found on

any terms. But, the owner will not let the land lie to produce thistles and brambles. He will put a skilful and trusty labourer into the farm, and will furnish the stock himself, till he can find a tenant. This will be a sort of "farming upon *shares*," so commonly practised in America. Some of these labourers will become farmers; and they must, in order to occupy all the farms. And, Sir, you will see the poor-rates come down in great haste, without any of the projects of that ignorant and hard-hearted fellow MALTHUS, or any of the contrivances of that son of a Parson, Mr. STURGES BOURNE, who is the Chairman of the Hampshire Quarter Sessions, and who merely speaks the voice of the Hampshire Parsons. Wheat at four shillings a bushel will hang all the schemes of this "*amiable friend*," as Canning called him, up to dry, and to be ready preserved in the archives of the Pitt-Clubs, to be brought forth for use, if the Devil should ever again have the power of causing the Pitt and Paper system to return.

The farmer being taken from his cavalry horse, having again put on the smock-frock, and having, along with his wife, taken

seat at table with his plowman and his maids, his son will, now-and-then, marry a servant maid, and the carter will sometimes marry the farmer's daughter. Thus will come back that community of interests and feelings which the infernal Pitt-system of Paper-money has driven away. Here is the cure, and the only cure, for the evil of *pauperism*. The good things of the land, the food and raiment, will be more equally distributed. The class of labourers, and that of farmers will be so blended as to leave but very few, nothing but the mere helpless and profligate, to become paupers. The "*prosperity*" of the paper-money people; the gay cavalry farmer; the show; the false glare; these will disappear; but the misery and pauperism will disappear along with them. England will be what it formerly was: a less *splendid* and more *happy* land. And, this, Sir, is what you are endeavouring to prevent; but, thank God, you labour in vain.

But, say you, "*you confine yourself to the labourers in husbandry, and have no care about other labourers: do you care nothing about craftsmen and manufacturers?*" Yes, just as much as I care about the

labourers in husbandry. They are all objects of attention; and, I appeal to my writings for the whole of my life for proof, that their welfare has *always* been the main object of my labours; that it has never ceased, for a day, to be an object of my most anxious solicitude. *Here*, at any rate, I may bid defiance to the empty and lying cry of "*inconsistency*." Born amongst husbandmen, bred to husbandry, delighting in its pursuits even to the minutest details, never having, in all my range through life, lost sight of the English farm-house and of those scenes in which my mind took its first spring, it is natural that I should have a strong partiality for a country life, and that I should enter more in detail into the feelings of labourers in husbandry than into those of other labourers. But, in my wishes and endeavours I have the welfare of *all* in view; and that is to have in view the welfare of my country; for, if that class, which is *twenty times* more numerous than all the others, be depressed, be miserable, be degraded, the country can have no *honour*, no *permanent power*; and it is infamous to call it *happy*.

The labourers in husbandry, strictly so called, form, indeed, a

very considerable portion of the whole of the population of the kingdom. Then the smiths, wheelwrights and collar-makers, and village taylors and shoe-makers, are, in fact, labourers in husbandry; for, if they do not work *upon*, they work *for*, the farms. Now, what have *low prices* done for them? My *little bird* has come to me from GAFFER GOOCH's Committee, and told me, that the *witnesses* one and all declare, that they have not yet been able to *bring down* the prices (that is *the wages*) of these retainers of husbandry! They say, that they have *tried* to *bring them down*; but have *not yet succeeded*. One of the witnesses being asked, whether these people were not *bettered*, then, by the fall of prices, answered, that they got *more than their masters*; and, being asked, who he meant by *their masters*, he said, *the farmers*. Now, this is what my little bird tells me; and I have never found him to tell me stories. If, therefore, this be *true*, here is another numerous class of labourers *benefitted* by "*agricultural distress*." And, in the face of *all this*, will this Committee report in favour of a measure to reproduce *high prices*?

Well, but is this all? What effect has low-price had upon that numerous class the *house-servants* of all descriptions, male and female, old and young? Why, to be sure, to *add* to their wages. Have you *lowered the wages* of your men and maids? Very little, I believe. Have they not *gained*, then? Can they not clothe themselves better than they did, and save some little money too, to be laid by, not in old rags, or deposited in Savings Banks and moonshine; but, in that gold which we *must* have, if the Ministers persevere? Now, either house-servants' wages have been reduced nearly *one half*, since 1818, or they must have been *gaining* ever since that time. It is notorious, that their wages have come down but a very little; and, therefore, it is clear, that they are gainers by low prices. This class is very numerous. It includes gardeners, butlers, coachmen, grooms, footmen, house-keepers, cooks, and all the long train of female domestics. Here are boys, girls, persons of all ages: and here we must include stage-coachmen, ostlers, post-boys, and all the servants at Inns, all belonging to the *labouring class*, and all *gaining by low prices*.

Mr. BARING has complained to the *House*, that the fellows "*out of doors*" (the phrase is a good one), particularly the *post-boys* and *stone-sawyers* (at *Scrip Castle*, I suppose) will not *come down* in their wages! He may tell the *House* of it *again*, without producing any effect! The labourers mean to get "*in doors*" once more. They have been "*out of doors*" long enough. And, is it not the same with carpenters, masons, brick-makers, and all the labourers employed in building? Yes it is. Even *printers* have not budged an inch, and I rejoice at the circumstance. It is certain, that the wages of all the labouring classes will *come down something* in time; but, it will be *slowly*; always keeping at a respectful distance behind the bushel of *wheat*; and, therefore, never coming down in the proportion of wages against wheat at high-price times. This is so, because it *must* be so: because it is in the nature of man, and in the nature of things. If the wheat were to stand where it is now, which is much about the mark of the average price of the period of *ten years immediately preceding the crusade against the people of France*, and if the taxes on their *salt, malt*, and so forth,

were to be reduced to what they were at that time, wages might come down, in the long run, to the *standard of that day*; but *no lower*. And, it would be in the long run, too, mind; and the young men and women of the next ten or fifteen years would, *all that while*, be gaining back a part, at least, of that, which has been purloined from their fathers and mothers by the infernal paper-system.

There remains only one class of labourers to be noticed: those engaged in *manufactures*, and collected in large bodies. Now, here we may, in a few particular instances, find exceptions; but, I am persuaded, that we shall find them *few*, and, though the sufferers are entitled to our most anxious solicitude and to every possible exertion for their relief, we shall find that even their suffering, however acute, is not, for one moment, to be put in comparison with the well-being of *millions*! The whole of the population *strictly* manufacturing does not amount to *half a million* of persons, in the whole; while the *strictly agricultural* population (I am speaking of Great Britain only) amounts to nearly *five millions*. And, *why* should this *half million* suffer from *low prices*?

I am well aware, that the labouring manufacturers of Birmingham are suffering severely, and I am very sorry for it, though I take pleasure in the ruin of the "*big ruffians*," who have been, so long, such bitter enemies of Reform and justice. But, Birmingham is by no means a fair specimen. Its manufacture depended, in a great measure, essentially upon *war*; and, of course, must be depressed by *peace*. War must not be carried on *for ever*, lest the makers of arms should want employment and should therefore have to endure sufferings, however severe and unmerited. This, therefore, is an exception, which, upon the whole, makes not the weight of a straw against my argument. As to the *cotton*, and *wool* manufacture, I am satisfied, that the lot of the workmen is bettered by the low prices. The average wages of a cotton weaver is now 9 shillings a week; and that is better than 20 shillings a week during the time of high-prices. It is not enough, considering the deduction made by the taxes, *more* than was made on that account before the Anti-Jacobin war. But, still it is better than 20 shillings a week, when wheat was at 14 shillings a bushel. The wages of

the *clothiers* I do not know; but, I hear from Yorkshire, that they are better off then they were in times of *high-prices*. The *stocking-makers* are in a state of "*turn-out*." They get 6s. 6d. a week for a man, and they demand 8 shillings, and which, no matter by what means that are lawful, I wish they may get. Still the six and sixpence is better than Mr. Bennet's *high-price allowance*: "a gallon loaf" and 3d. a week to each person "in a labourer's family;" that horrid sentence of the Wiltshire parish-book! The stocking makers say, that the labourers in husbandry, in their counties, receive *double* what the stocking-makers get. This, then, is a good thing; for, they are, even in those counties, ten times as numerous as the stocking-makers; and, if, whether from a falling off in foreign trade; or, from any other circumstance, the stocking business should continue to be bad, no more persons, or few, will be bred to it; the boys and girls will go to the land; and even of the present stocking weavers some will go to work in the fields; for, it is beastly nonsense to suppose, that there will be *too much food raised*. Let things take their *fair chance*; let there be no *force*, no *restraint*, no *false money*, no *false credit*; and the labourer in every line of life will have that portion of food and of raiment and of enjoyment of every kind which is justly his due.

The landlords would persuade us, that it was *high price* that fed the manufacturers. Yes, the *Lords* of the loom, and of the *Anvil*; but not the *labourers*, who

were continually losing by the rise in prices of food, in the same way generally, only varying a little with particular circumstances, as the labourers in husbandry lost by the rise in those prices. They would fain persuade us, that, if the high prices do not return, there will be *no demand for manufactures*. No? Why not, conjurers and disinterested gentlemen? Why not; Oh; why, we Landlords and banker-farmers shall not have a *quarter part so much to lay out in manufactures as we had before*. Indeed! But, will not the price of the goods come down with the price of your wheat? Yes; but, *we shall not have the money to buy them nevertheless*. Why, what will become of your money? Why, the labourers, and smiths, and wheelwrights, and collar-makers, and the rest of them, will get, all together, *so much more from us than they did formerly*. The Devil they will! But, then, good Jolterheads, will not *they* have that same money to lay out on manufactures that *you* had before? Aye, aye! But there is the fund-holder and the judge and the placeman and pensioner and the soldier and the sailor that we have to pay in still the same nominal amount as before. Very true, I know *you* will have to go barefooted, and to wear ragg'd shirts; but, the fund-holder and the judge and the placeman and the pensioner and the soldier and the sailor will have the money to lay out in manufactures, if you have not. How are *manufacturers* to lose, then, by the means of purchase being merely transferred from you to others.

Thus, then, Sir, I have, I think, clearly *proved*, that a fall in prices is beneficial to the labouring classes, composing, at least, nine-tenths of the nation; and, therefore, I do hope and trust, that neither you nor any other man will endeavour to cause measures to be adopted which shall tend to restore those high prices, the horrible effects of which we have so long been doomed to witness. In answer to a question, ready to start from your lips, *whether I think that the interest of the debt can be continued to be paid without a return to high-prices*, I say, before hand, *I know it cannot for any length of time*: I know, that Peel's Bill *cannot be carried into complete effect without a reduction of the interest of the debt*; no, not even if all the estates be first taken from the landlords by the lords of the funds. But, what is that to this great question? All that I am anxious about, is, to see the suffering and degraded millions once more with bellies full and persons erect. The Landlords, or the Fund-lords, *must fall*, I know, by those means which will restore plenty and spirit to the labourer; but, as the labourer had nothing to do in the producing of this necessary alternative, and, as it has arisen out of the mutual and cordial co-operation of the Landlords and the Fund-lords, to these it justly belongs to endure the conse-

quences, be those consequences what they may.

It was my intention to insert in this Number, some further remarks on the pretty doctrines of Mr. SCARLETT, and on the impudent and empty effusions of the younger ELLMAN; but, having, in this letter, performed high duty, and the performance having been singularly gratifying to me; having the satisfaction to know, that I have been, upon this occasion, conveying my sentiments to the public through the means of an address to a person of extensive knowledge and of real talent, I will, for this one day of my life, abstain from the chopping of blocks. Next week I must do even worse than return to my old employment; for, LORD MILTON (don't laugh, Sir!) has appeared *in print*! I shall, therefore, in my next, address him, who is a fit enough associate of *Scarlett*, both of them having *something* to do with the fine, free, independent borough of *Peterborough*. But, it is not an affair of bill-hooks and hatchets *here*: this "Corinthian Pillar" will demand nothing short of the *Mallet and Chisel*!

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

BREWING.

Several correspondents have requested, that I would publish a receipt for *brewing*, not mischief, but *beer*. I have just read, in a Hampshire Paper, sent me by a friend, a receipt for brewing beer that shall be almost **UNTAXED**. In the space of about *three weeks*, I shall have *tried this*; and then I will publish the account. My calculation is, that, if this receipt be *true*, we can make ourselves good table beer for *three pence a gallon*, Winchester Measure; and that *ale*, stronger than porter, can be made for about *eight pence a gallon*, in the same way.—This will be *something* indeed to tell the people of England.—The average price of *Barley* is not *three shillings* a bushel; and that of malt is, perhaps, *eight or nine shillings*! Come, come! We are not going to stand this! If my receipt be true, which I believe it is, it is our own faults if we do stand it.

HOBHOUSE AND CANNING.

I understand that I was misinformed as to the latter being *absent* when the former gave him such a *cutter*, during the *Moderate-Reform Debate*. It seems, that the hero was actually pre-

sent, and did *not speak*, a fact, which, if I had it not from unquestionable authority, I really could not believe. However, if we duly reflect, the thing is not so surprizing.

BANK-WORKS.

Some bars of gold were got yesterday, at any rate, though not without very extraordinary ceremonies, of which the public will hear more by-and-by!—Why all this ceremony?—My advice to every one, is, to *lose no time*. To make *sure of some gold*, while it can be got.—But, more of this in next Register.—The Act for paying *one-pounders* in gold will be *passed* in a few days!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I thank the gentlemen, who sent me the account of the Cambridgeshire *Jolterheads*; the Sussex *news-paper*; the "*True Briton*" of the 20th April; and the *Times* of the other day. From the first of these two latter I see, that there is a projector, whose name is *Thomas Attwood* (another *Banker*, I suppose) who proposes to lower the *standard of money*, in such a degree as to make a *shilling* become about *one shilling and ten pence*! Only think of the horrible injustice of this, to the labourer in husbandry in particular! He has bargained for *eleven pounds* a year, and, this law having taken place, his master pays him *six*. All domestic servants are to be robbed

in the same way ! The working classes, who were stripped naked before, are, by this project, to be *skinned alive* ! —The writer in the *TIMES* is *rather more just*. He proposes to pay the fund-holder, pensioner and place-man according to the *price of the bushel of wheat* ; that is to say, to *reduce their interest and pay one half*.—What ! Was I “*mad*,” then, when I prescribed the application of a “*sponge*,” many years ago !—However, here they are, set fast ; fairly *furred up*.—I am under the influence of predestination, to be sure, or I should never put another word into print on the subject.—How can things go on better ? Cheer up, my friends, who are now in dungeons !

COBBETT'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAST VOLUME OF THE REGISTER (Vol. 38) is now complete, bound in boards, *price Seven SHILLINGS*. It begins with the *New Year's gift to the farmers*. It contains the *Sermon to the Good Methodists* ; the first three *Letters to Mr. Peel* ; and several other papers, which may be useful at this time, when THE SYSTEM is in its agony. The Volume has a Table of Contents and an Index.—COBBETT'S MONTHLY RELIGIOUS TRACTS. The two first Numbers are out. The first, “*Na-*” “*both's Vineyard ; or, God's ven-*” “*geance against hypocrisy and cru-*” “*elty*.” The second, “*The Sin of*” “*Drunkenness in Kings, Priests and*” “*People*.” Each of these Numbers has gone through several large editions, and the work makes the “*Tract Society*” tremble for the fate of its *veritable trash*. Cant and rant can-

not make head against plain common sense. The price of the “*Religious Tract*” is *three pence*. Many persons have expressed a wish that the Tract came out *more frequently* ; but, at present, this would not be convenient to the author. He must have time for other things. While he neglects not the “*mint and cummin*,” he must attend to the “*weightier matters of the law*.” While he fails not to write his Monthly Tracts, he must not forget his Weekly Duty towards the *System*, especially now that Corruption herself is at her wit's end. The *Six Acts* make an exception in favour of “*Religious Publications* ;” and, the author thought it hard, if he could not get his nose, at any rate, into the privileged class.—COBBETT'S GRAMMAR, a new and neat edition, price 2s. 6d., bound in boards. It was intended for the use of young persons in general, and especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices and plough boys ; but, the author has discovered, (in rather an odd manner) that it is in *great vogue* amongst “*statesmen* ;” and, God knows, it was not before it was *wanted by them* ! —COBBETT'S YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN AMERICA, a thick volume in Octavo. 10s. bound in boards. Very useful for those who want to know what America *really is*.—A New Edition of PAPER AGAINST GOLD, that complete history and exposure of the mystery, of the Bank, the Funds and the Paper System. Price *five shillings*, bound in boards.—IN THE PRESS, the *Preliminary Part of Paper against Gold*, containing the articles written by the author on the subject of the

Sponge, before the date of *Paper* against Gold. In these articles, the *wiping off of the whole of the Debt* is maintained to be *just*, if necessary to the happiness of the nation; and, though the Landlords seem not to dare to attempt it, that does not alter the nature of the thing. The author is satisfied, that it must be done *at last*, though the "Lords of the Soil" will, probably, lose the soil first.—ALSO IN THE PRESS, a thing that is a great favourite with the author: "The AMERICAN GARDENER; or, a treatise on the situation, soil, fencing and laying-out of Gardens; on the making and managing of hot-beds and green-houses; and on the Propagation and Cultivation of the several sorts of Table-Vegetables, Herbs, Fruits and Flowers." The author promised this work to his good and kind neighbours in America. It was principally written in that country; and would have been finished there, had it not been for *Peel's Bill*. to witness the effects of which made him hasten away home. Thanks to Mr. PEEL, the author set off for dear Old England in November; for, if it had not been for that Bill, the author would have remained 'till spring, and then he would have lost the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Her Majesty arrive! Peel's Bill brought him away with his work in an unfinished state. It is now finished; and, though it be the "*American Gardener*," he thinks it contains matter more than worth the purchase money to an English reader, who takes delight in gardening; and, besides the Horticultural information, the book contains the best possible account of

the *climate*, and of things connected with the climate, of the country, for the use of which it is written.—In answer to enquiries about the FRENCH GRAMMAR, the author begs the public to consider a little what have been his labours since his return to England! This is a work, which he cannot suffer to go out of his hands with a single doubt in his mind as to any part of it. It would, however, have been ready for the press before this time, had it not been for the last-mentioned work, which he had *promised* to so many kind friends. All that he can say, is, that he thinks to have the French Grammar out during the summer. But, let it be borne in mind that the main business of his life is to watch the motions of *Corruption*. He has been dogging her steps for many years. She has, now-and-then, turned upon him and given him a bite; but, now that he sees the bloody monster hemmed up in a corner, looking about her in vain for an out-let whereby to escape; when he sees her sides heave and her jaws filled with foam, he cannot quit her for long at a time. Expire she must; but, she must not expire without a last blow from him.

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